97-84063-4

Hunt, Edward Lawrence

The missing chapter in "The simple life"

[Washington?]

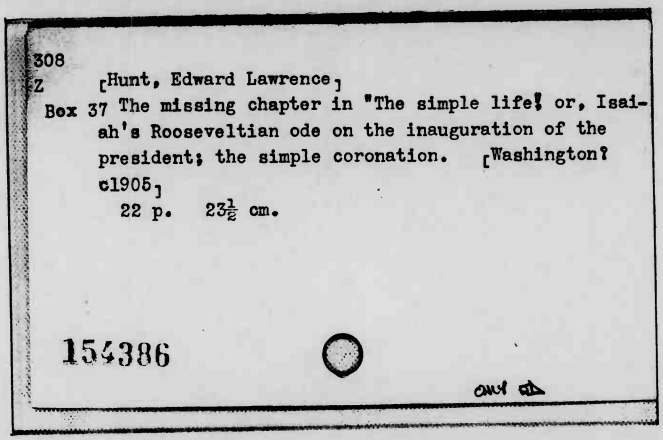
[c1905]

97-84063-4
MASTER NEGATIVE #

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
PRESERVATION DIVISION

# BIBLIOGRAPHIC MICROFORM TARGET

ORIGINAL MATERIAL AS FILMED - EXISTING BIBLIOGRAPHIC RECORD


308
Z
Box 37
[Hunt, Edward Lawrence]
The missing chapter in "The simple life"; or, Isaiah's Rooseveltian ode on the inauguration of the president; the simple coronation. [Washington? c1905]
22 p. 23½ cm.
154386

RESTRICTIONS ON USE: Reproductions may not be made without permission from Columbia University Libraries.

## TECHNICAL MICROFORM DATA

FILM SIZE: 35mm REDUCTION RATIO: 10:1 IMAGE PLACEMENT: IA (IIA) IB IIB

DATE FILMED: 4-2-97 INITIALS: RB, KLB

TRACKING # : MSH 20772

FILMED BY PRESERVATION RESOURCES, BETHLEHEM, PA.

308
Z
B67 37

The Missing Chapter in "The Simple Life"

OR

# ISAIAH'S ROOSEVELTIAN ODE

ON

The Inauguration of The President

The **Simple** Coronation

With The Compliments of the
Writer.
E. Lawrence Hunt.

The Missing Chapter in "The Simple Life"

OR

# ISAIAH'S ROOSEVELTIAN ODE

ON

The Inauguration of The President

The **Simple** Coronation

Copyright 1905
by
Rev. Edward Lawrence Hunt.

## ISAIAH 32 : 1–8.

Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment. And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim and the ears of them that hear shall hearken. The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge and the tongue of the stammerers shall speak plainly. The vile person shall be no more called liberal, nor the crafty said to be bountiful.

For the vile person will speak villainy, and his heart will work iniquity, to practice hypocrisy, and to utter error against the Lord, to make empty the soul of the hungry, and to cause the drink of the thirsty to fail. The instruments also of the crafty are evil; he deviseth wicked devices to destroy the meek with lying words, even when the needy speaketh right.

But the liberal deviseth liberal things and by liberal things shall he stand.

The Inauguration fills the thoughts of all in our land to-day, and awakens a deep interest in all lands. It is fitting that it should be followed by the festivities of yesterday. It is preëminently fitting that it should be followed by a Sabbath consideration of its deep significance.

It is startling, almost weird, to find in Isaiah an Inauguration Ode, written twenty-six hundred years ago, as appropriate in every word as if written expressly for this occasion. Isaiah is a modern Prophet. He is as truly the Prophet of America to-day as the Prophet of his own age and land.

Our President recently paid a tribute to the Hebrew Prophets. To-day the greatest of these Hebrew Prophets pays him a higher tribute.

Change only three words in the ode — "king," "princes," "reign":—

"BEHOLD, A PRESIDENT SHALL LEAD IN RIGHTEOUSNESS AND HIS CABINET SHALL LEAD IN JUDGMENT. AND A MAN SHALL BE AS AN HIDING PLACE FROM THE WIND AND A COVERT FROM THE TEMPEST; AS RIVERS OF WATER IN A DRY PLACE, AS THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK IN A WEARY LAND."



What results? A righteous government secures religious liberty; hence spiritual illumination and the capacity to estimate character; hence the popularity of the political Boss is gone.

"Then the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken. The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge and the tongue of the stammerers shall speak plainly. The vile person shall be no more called liberal, nor the crafty said to be bountiful."

The state is not a Utopia. The work of the unscrupulous politician, corruption in the church, and the evil forces in American society are next set forth.

"For the vile person will speak villainy and his heart will work iniquity to practice hypocrisy and to utter error against the lord, to make empty the soul of the hungry, and to cause the drink of the thirsty to fail. The instruments also of the crafty are evil: he deviseth wicked devices to destroy the meek with lying words, even when the needy speaketh right."

In spite of these comes the ringing promise to the Rooseveltian spirit and policy. It is a good example for our men to see that the fearless courage and generous justice of a true man can win success in political life.

"But the liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand."

The passage is a picture of what A MAN can be and can do. It is a tribute as beautiful as sublime to personality—God's own creation, character, the mightiest force in the world.

And what was the Inauguration yesterday in its deepest meaning?

A Tribute to a Man.

It was not primarily a tribute to a president.

When a king is crowned, it is the title the people have in mind. For the man they may have a just contempt. In a Monarchy, the man is lost in the King. Yesterday the presidency was crowned by the Man.

> He, only in a general honest thought,
> And common good to all, is strenuous.
> Then, too, his life is gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world: THIS IS A MAN!

In the Inauguration America does stand up and say to all the world: **THIS IS A MAN!**

What is the *work* this man is elected to do? Hear Isaiah's answer: "A Man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

With what beauty do these impressive symbols describe the varied work of our President! Only one of them needs any explanation. Even that is so suggestive in its exquisite sublimity, one fears any attempt at explanation or application:

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

George Adam Smith writes: "In the East the following is often observed: Where the desert touches a river valley or oasis, the sand is in a continual state of drift from the wind, and it is this drift which is the real cause of the barrenness of such portions of the desert at least



as abut upon the fertile land. For under the rain, or by infiltration from the river, plants often spring through the sand, and there is sometimes promise of considerable fertility. It never lasts. Down comes the periodic drift and life is stunted and choken out. But set down a rock on the sand, and see the difference its presence makes. After a few showers, to the leeward side of this some blades will spring up; if you have patience, you will see in time a garden. How has the boulder produced this? Simply by arresting the drift.

Now that is exactly how great men benefit human life. A man serves his generation, serves the whole race, by arresting the drift. Deadly forces, blind and fatal as the desert wind, sweep down human history. In the beginning it was dread of Nature, the cold blast which blows from every quarter on the barbarian and might have stunted men to animals. But into some soul God breathed a great breath of freedom, and the man defied Nature. Nature has had her revenge by burying the rebel in oblivion. On the distant horizon of history we can see merely in some old legend the evidence of his audacity. But the drift was arrested; behind the event men took shelter, in the shelter grew free and learned to think out what the first great resister felt.

When Isaiah, while all his countrymen were rushing down the mad, steep ways of politics, carried off by the only powers that were as yet known in these ways, fear of death, and greed to be on the side of the strongest—when Isaiah stood still amid that panic rush, and uttered his memorable words, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength; in returning and rest shall ye be saved," he stopped one of the most dangerous drifts in history, and created in its despite a shelter for those

spiritual graces, which have always been the beauty of the state, and are now coming to be recognized as its strength."

To-day America and the world are swept by drifts.

The one great Northeastern Drift, sweeping its blighting sands of selfish greed from Maine to California, is The Trusts. Against the DANGERS of this drift stands this Great Rock, in whose protecting shadow "every man shall have a square deal."

Against the drift from the West that threatened the life of the great East, just awakening from the sleep of centuries, stood up this man with his chosen prince of diplomats, and limited the sphere of the ravages of the present war, preserved the integrity, the open door, of China, and the peace of the world.

Against the winds of monopolies and the tempests of mobs, drifting the sand over our coal fields, threatening a famine of fuel.

Against the tempests that would cover "The Key of the Pacific" under the sands of self-destructive tribal wars or the scramble of greedy nations.

Against the drift which foreboded interference from Europe that would have postponed for many decades the gain and blessing from the mingling of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific.

Against the drift of corruption and spoils in public office.

Against the drifts of "Rule by the Boss;" and of fanaticism in reform, whose extreme idealism was doomed to do no actual good.

Against the drift in official life of owl-like conventionality and form, void of the grace, the naturalness of LIFE, the true democratic spirit.



Against such drifts as these, we find this Man "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

But there is another drift more dangerous than any or all of these: the godlessness, the self-indulgence of wealth. This is the drift of ages. It swept away Nineveh, Babylon, Egypt, Greece. When it reached Italy and Imperial Rome, it was a hurricane. The noblest Roman of them all could not withstand it. So we read of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The overflowing scourge did not spend itself on Rome. It has gathered strength in the sweep of the Atlantic. The drift is fiercer in this New World than it was in the Old.

What shall save us? A MAN.

George Eliot is right:

> "The best gift a hero leaves his race
> Is to have been a hero."

By resisting the enticements to luxurious ease, by overcoming the temptations of wealth, by making inherited wealth minister to his manhood and to his fulfillment of the functions of a true man as Isaiah here states them: to be a protector and a positive force for good in the world—so shall the man save his nation. So shall he hear God's voice: "I will bless thee and make thee a blessing, and in thee and in thy leadership in righteousness, shall all the nations of the world be blessed."

Forget not God's part in the last election—God is as interested in the politics of America as in the politics of Israel. Would you learn the real deep secret of the overwhelming majority last November? Hear it in God's word to his own elect: "Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest wickedness, therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."

Roosevelt is a Man of destiny because he is a Man of God—God's man.

Who can read the career of this man and fail to see that it is God who put him where he is to-day? I do not refer to any special event like the assassination of our Beloved Martyred McKinley. Though even in that awful tragedy, if "the eyes of them that see are not dim," they can see in the hand of the assassin, the Hand of God. Does that startle you? Then hear the inspired, holy Apostle account for the death of one greater than McKinley: "Him being delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye, by the hand of lawless men did crucify and slay." "Of a truth against thy holy child, Jesus, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the rulers of the Jews, were gathered together To do Whatsoever Thy Hand and Thy Counsel Determined Before Should Be Done."

Joseph said to his brethren: "Ye did not send me here, but God sent me before you to preserve life."

In a preceding chapter Isaiah describes the advance of the Assyrian host as the coming of the Lord.

So, in the foul hand of the assassin, the Hand of God. Not to make way for Roosevelt. It is always dangerous to explain the WHY of God. However, we are far enough from that awful tragedy that spread a gloom over America and the world to see how his death glorified his memory and placed him beside the immortal Lincoln. All the chivalry and strength of his gentle, Christlike character was not understood until his Christlike death. Neither was the character and work of his bosom friend and co-worker understood until the death of McKinley revealed Senator Hanna to the nation and to world-leaders as an inspiration and impetus to noble living.



Methought I could hear, in the cordial welcome McKinley gave his old friend: "It was not the assassin, but God, who sent me before you to make our life-work tell a thousandfold for the good of our nation and the world." Can't we see even now, in the light of history, how infinitely better it was for McKinley to die his God-appointed death when God saw that his work here was done, than to die as his friend died two or three years later?

Again, though one may trace the distinct indications of the hand of God in every year of the life of this elect man, take only a single instance more:

In the crafty work of the politicians in the nomination of Roosevelt for Vice-President, the Hand of God.

Could we have followed the Governor of New York under the olive trees of his *political* Gethsemane, we might have heard his secret prayer in its darkness: "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." "If this cup cannot pass from me, except I drink it, Father, Thy will be done." That's what he did say to the nation; and in the exultant strength of the Son of Man, he drained the bitter cup. The crafty ones, whose work this ode describes, meant to shelve him, they succeeded in glorifying him. Yes, the choice of the people was the choice of God.

"Oh, pray that he may wisely rule the state,
And grow, in truly serving, truly great."

But this man will save the state only as his word and work inspire each man to become "as a hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"Keep but God's model safe:
New men will rise to take its mould."

Isaiah's Inauguration Ode is a call to each citizen to be just that: God's model. The stream of your beneficent influence may not flow, as from our President, the river of living water, clear as crystal, through the political world, the church, Roman and Protestant, the college, the world of art and literature, the home, the industrial world, and on and on through ever nation to the uttermost parts of the earth; but in the place where God has put you, you may be a source of refreshment and a protector.

Anyone who is half a man will be a protector to his wife and children, to those whom God bids him protect against the winds of poverty and the tempests of destress. This is not easy. Especially if he must stand sometimes against the whispering, piercing winds of gossip and the dirt-driving tempests of scandal, as Isaiah here describes them: "The vile person will speak villainy, to destroy the meek with lying words." Still the very breasting of wind and tempest may make even this half man a whole man, which is a holy man. (Remember this, if a man is not a whole man he is not a holy man, and if he is a whole man he is a holy man, even if he never talks religion.)

The face that glowed at the thought of Roosevelt, the refuge and the rock, may glower now. It is easy to be



good for other people. It is hard to be good yourself. Alone, it is impossible. To face some of those Northwestern blizzards is certain death for the strongest man. He must have a refuge. When the wind is lashed into a tornado, it sweeps a path through the forest, as if the mighty trees it levels were merely a well-laid track for its whizzing wheels. The strongest *child of nature,* with giant strength developed by braving the tempests of a century, is weak before it as a helpless infant.

Such a wind will sometime strike every human life. It is then only cruel mockery to paint for him an ideal of strength and bid him stand himself, and also be a shelter to others. He must have a refuge.

Must the ideal in this Rooseveltian ode fail, then? No! for in its heart is a

## SIMPLE GOSPEL.

It is the gospel of the Son of Man.

"Change three words to make the ode appropriate"? That change spoils it. (That is how some ministers spoil the Gospel—by changing three words.) See clearer. Think deeper. It is perfect as it is:—

"Behold, a KING shall reign in righteousness," His throne the cross. Because He reigns, the reign of sin is destroyed. Between a man's sinful past and holy future there is "a great gulf FIXED, so that he that would pass over cannot." Therefore, "The Mighty God," as the Son of Man, bridged that gulf with the cross of Calvary. Over that bridge, and in no other way, sinful man may pass to a righteous life. "Through death this 'King' destroyed him that had the power of death, and liberated

man." Under His reign man can reign in righteousness. Man can regain the dominion God gave him over all. The winds and the waves will obey him. The tempests of passion, even the devils, will be subject to him. Moreover, "he that *believeth on me,* forth from within him shall flow rivers of living water . . . and I will write upon him a new name name—a Rock. . . . But . . .

"apart from Me, a man can do nothing."

Roosevelt would not be the man he is to-day had he not submitted to the reign of "The King." I am not aware that he has ever said this. There is a Holy of Holies in a strong man's soul where even a wife's foot shall not tread, where only the High Priest shall enter; and even He *will* not, except he first "stand at the door and knock," so great is his reverence for the individuality which His God gave each man. Here, however, a verbal confession is needless. His whole spirit and work are a confession of the strenuous Paul:

"By the Grace of God I am what I am."

The Grace of God is the Gospel of Christ. It is worth while to call attention here to the book which led the President recently to do an unprecedented thing, introduce its author to a public audience. "The Simple Life" is a good book, but it "lacks a glorious somewhat." It lacks a chapter on the Simple Gospel. It is an ideal and an appeal much needed by the age. But it points out no power whereby man may live the ideal simple life. It has the simple beauty of the starry heavens, but is beyond the reach of the earth-bound man. Diamond halters in a vainglorious world are hard to break. On the queen of the King who reigns in righteousness they become a coronet and necklace of simple loveliness.



Now this Inauguration Ode supplies this missing chapter. It reveals the King. It not only reveals the glory of His reign as righteousness and manhood, it also reveals the King as a Saviour. Then, He not only saves, but He makes man a saviour—one who first seeks "a hiding place," but *in order* to become himself "a hiding place." Oh, tempest-beaten man, ruined by sin, the simple Gospel tells you of the King who will "throw open the gates of new life to you." He redeems you to a nobler manhood than you lost. Remember Isaiah's word in the preceding chapter: "The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the hurt of His people and healeth the stroke of their wound." The righteous man who is a refuge and a rock lives sevenfold more abundantly than the innocent Adam in Eden.

And if Dr. Osler's word, misapprehended, causes despair to the man over forty or sixty, the simple Gospel of the Rooseveltian Ode bids you hope, for the Greater Physician, who renews the inner man, bids you go from strength to strength. Your path "is as the break of dawn which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." There is no afternoon in that day of sevenfold light. For a day shall be with you, as with the Lord, not only "as a thousand years," but as ten thousand times ten thousand cycles of ages.

But, young man, Dr. Osler's most true word may suggest to you this fact of the spiritual life—that if you do not submit to the King before you are forty, you almost certainly will die a rebel and go down to eternal night, for although "The morning cometh, there cometh also the night."

Now, let us return to the thought of the Inauguration and apply the Ode once more without the change of a word:

"A King shall reign in righteousness." There is the foundation fact.

What is the result of His righteous reign?

First: "Princes shall rule in judgment." That is, in those countries where Monarchy is still the form of government, their princes shall be just; for example, Victoria and Edward in England, William in Germany.

Second: "A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

That is, in the country where, in the evolution of civilization, the man is elected by the people, the man shall be what we have found our President to be.

The Professor of Exegetics may be aghast at the fancy and the confusion wherein "the Man," "the Rock," is first said to mean Christ, then every man, then Roosevelt. But Isaiah would commend the practical use we reverently make of God's Word which will lead some soul to pray:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"

and then sing with the exultant faith of a co-Redeemer with him:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me FIND *myself* in thee.



There is neither confusion nor irreverence. Isaiah suggests infinitely more than he expressly states.

At the last special session of Congress the minister who opened the Senate with prayer offered this petition: "Give Thy servants grace to follow that leader of men, God-elected, to whom God said,

"Thou lovest righteousness and hatest wickedness;
Therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee
With the oil of gladness above thy fellows."

One asked if that meant Roosevelt. When he learned that it is a word applied in the Old and New Testaments to Christ, he thought he had paid the highest compliment ever paid to the President, in mistaking for an accurate description of him words describing the Christ. He seemed shocked at the blasphemy of his question. But as there, so here, words that have their first complete fulfillment in Christ may apply to His disciples. This "King" expects His subjects to be like Him: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the State of My God, and I will write upon him MINE OWN NEW NAME."

It is important for the Christian youth to know that the man most like Christ in the world to-day is not the secluded mystic, pale from overmuch fasting, nor the "saint," "blank with the utter agony of prayer," but the wholesome man who heeds the Master's own word: "Why call ye Me Lord, Lord, and DO not the things that I say?"—a Roosevelt, who

"Fights the good fight, with all his might."

To further deepen the impression of this word in this timely unique application of it, let us call Isaiah's Rooseveltian Ode—

THE SIMPLE CORONATION
and
THE SIMPLE GOSPEL.

The Inauguration was a simple coronation. If "the eyes of them that see were not dim," they might have seen the crown of glory with which the unseen "King" crowned the "man." Was it the crown of righteousness? Righteousness, rather, is "the white stone with the new name" in the

CROWN OF LIFE.

If you bear in mind the life of our President, his physical, mental, moral, spiritual life; and then the infinite suggestiveness of that word of Jesus: "The Crown of Life" for the life that now is and the life that is to come, you will see the appropriateness of calling the Inauguration the Simple Coronation. It is a *simple* coronation because the essential is first. Simplicity consists in keeping ever the essential first. There was no more true simplicity in the legend of Jefferson's tying his horse outside the Capitol or in the fact of his walking there, than in the elaborate parade of yesterday.

Crudeness is not simplicity. For the richest nation in the world to have had less ceremony at the inauguration of their First Magistrate would not have been more truly simple. Because there was, below and through all the President's boyish delight in the expressions of the people's esteem, a deep, solemn joy in the vast responsibility



of the opportunity to do a great work; because, as everybody felt, first things were first, the Inauguration was a *simple* coronation. It is not simple, but silly, for a millionaire to live in a poor house with the cheapest furniture. It is a failure to value aright the good things in God's rich word. It is a low appreciation of his inheritance as "The heir of all the ages." Whether the wife and mother is her own servant, or has one or two, or a score, if life in its fullness is first, and all things minister to that, so that she is not a slave to her establishment or to conventionality, then is the life truly simple.

So that the jest of Dooley, when he made the President greet Pastor Wagner: "A simple life and a powerful navy's the watchword uv this adminishtraation," has as much veiled truth as unveiled wit. A simple government may have a powerful navy—the vital question is: "What is first?" If the love of life, life in ALL men, is supreme, and the love of war is only the hate of wrong, then a strong navy secures a simple government; and under this a simple Gospel may be freely preached; and so the simple life attained, the crown of life won. The crown of life is the kind of Crown we Americans believe in—To crown every one with life was the purpose of Jesus' advent:

"I came that they might have life,
And that they might have it more abundantly."

That crown every citizen will wear by and by in this land of citizen kings, "when the King who shall reign in righteousness" reigns in every heart.

That time will come. It cometh gently, "not with observation." Isaiah's figure of its coming is the sunrise. How quiet that is! Darkness covers the earth. Anon a few faint streaks of mellow light shoot up from the

eastern horizon, so strangely like the Northern Lights that it almost seems as if those beautiful tints had wandered from their place in the northern skies. Gradually the gray light broadens across the heavens, before which the stars, those faithful sentinels of the night, one by one, put out their lights, and soon the whole celestial concave is filled with the inflowing tides of morning light which come pouring down from above in a great ocean of radiance, bathing the world in light, and flooding the vales with the music of the awakened feathered songsters who greet the imperial king of day, as he rides forth arrayed in splendors too dazzling for the eye of man. And he sends his gentle beams down through the trellised window yonder and kisses the brow of the sleeping sufferer. And all this stupendous force has been at work so noiselessly that the sufferer is not roused from his feverish slumbers.

But a mightier power than that that swings the stars through space is transplanting men out of the Kingdom of Darkness into the Kingdom of the Son of God's love. Centuries ago Isaiah from the mount of vision wailed in gloom: "Darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people." He looked down the vista of the ages and his wail became a triumphant song: "But the Lord shall rise upon thee and His glory shall be seen upon thee, and nations shall come to thy light and kings to the brightness of thy rising." We lift up our eyes and see nations coming to His light and kings falling with loving adoration under His feet; and although "the vile" and "the crafty" are still plotting evil, yet more surely than that the morrow's sun will rise, even they shall submit to "The King who reigns in righteousness." For Heaven and Earth may pass away, but His word shall not pass



away. And *it is written:* "He must reign till He hath put all His enemies under His feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. . . . And then shall the 'King' also subject Himself to Him who hath subjected all things unto him, that

"GOD MAY BE ALL IN ALL."

MR. THOS. C. NOYES,
*The Evening Star,*
Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR TOM:

A friend has kindly offered to pay for the publication of this pamphlet, that the entire proceeds of the sale may go to the National Junior Republic at Annapolis Junction, Maryland.

I congratulate you, as President of the Board of Trustees, on the fine showing the boys made in the Inaugural Parade on the fourth of March. Their place in that representative body emphasized one phase of the Junior Republic wherein it is better than the Reform School. As free Americans, they marched well, proudly conscious of their preparation in their little commonwealth for good citizenship by and by in the real Republic. "Real"? Yet I know nothing is more real than their Junior Republic, where with wholesome earnestness the boys "needing discipline" do their work, and with their wages pay for their board and for all they get; and with diligence, and a child's true sense of justice, make and administer their laws. Ought any true American who belives that our form of government is the best in the world to be surprised that when it is fairly and fully applied in the training of boys, in place of the monarchial institution,—that the idle and the lawless learn to love work and to obey law?

As your work is supported by voluntary contributions, I hope some who read these pages may wish to become a Rock under whose protecting shadow some bright boys may be saved from the drift to prison life through vicious heredity or environment, and in your Republic be given "a square deal" to make men of themselves.

And since I'm writing of the practice of citizenship, I'll borrow the signature of one whom the centuries know from his "Practice of the Presence of God."

Faithfully yours,

BROTHER LAWRENCE.

MR. THOS. C. NOYES,
*The Evening Star,*
Washington, D. C.

MY DEAR TOM:

A friend has kindly offered to pay for the publication of this pamphlet, that the entire proceeds of the sale may go to the National Junior Republic at Annapolis Junction, Maryland.

I congratulate you, as President of the Board of Trustees, on the fine showing the boys made in the Inaugural Parade on the fourth of March. Their place in that representative body emphasized one phase of the Junior Republic wherein it is better than the Reform School. As free Americans, they marched well, proudly conscious of their preparation in their little commonwealth for good citizenship by and by in the real Republic. "Real"? Yet I know nothing is more real than their Junior Republic, where with wholesome earnestness the boys "needing discipline" do their work, and with their wages pay for their board and for all they get; and with diligence, and a child's true sense of justice, make and administer their laws. Ought any true American who belives that our form of government is the best in the world to be surprised that when it is fairly and fully applied in the training of boys, in place of the monarchial institution,—that the idle and the lawless learn to love work and to obey law?

As your work is supported by voluntary contributions, I hope some who read these pages may wish to become a Rock under whose protecting shadow some bright boys may be saved from the drift to prison life through vicious heredity or environment, and in your Republic be given "a square deal" to make men of themselves.

And since I'm writing of the practice of citizenship, I'll borrow the signature of one whom the centuries know from his "Practice of the Presence of God."

Faithfully yours,

BROTHER LAWRENCE.

MSH 20772

END OF
TITLE